UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

VOLUME XXVIII CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 5, 1891. NUMBER 10

UNITY.

Senior Editor: JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Assistant Editor: CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY

Editorial Contributors:

RICHARD BARTRAM, J. VILA BLAKE, CHARLES F. DOLE, JOHN R. EFFINGER, EMIL G. HIRSCH, FREDERICK L. HOSMER, WILLIAM C. GANNETT, ELLEN T. LEONARD, JOHN C. LEARNED, EMMA E. MAREAN, HENRY DOTY MAXSON, R. HEBER NEWTON, WILLIAM M. SALTER, MINOT J. SAVAGE, MARION D. SHUTTER, HENRY M. SIMMONS, JAMES G. TOWNSEND, KATE GANNETT WELLS.

UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE: Messrs. Blake, Gannett, Hosmer, Jones, Learned and Simmons.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., PUBLISHERS, 175 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

Weekly: $1.00 per year.—Single copy 5 cents.

Advertising, 12 cents per line; business notices 24 cents per line. Advertisements of book publishers received direct; other advertising through LORD & THOMAS, advertising agents, Chicago and New York. Readers of UNITY are requested to mention this paper when answering advertisements.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.	PAGE.
Notes	73
"What Has Happened?"	73
Starlight.—H. M. S.	74
Men and Things	74
CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.	
Lost Voices.—HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD	75
Books That Have Been Useful to Me.—RETTA A. HOYLES	75
Modern Ideas in Education.—*Emil G. Hirsch.*	75
CHURCH DOOR PULPIT.	
The Six Years' Course.—REV. JOHN C. LEARNED	76
THE EXCHANGE TABLE	77
THE STUDY TABLE	77
NOTES FROM THE FIELD	78
THE HOME	79
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL	79
PUBLISHER'S NOTES	80

Ten weeks ten cents. UNITY will be sent ten weeks on trial to a new name for ten cents. Subscribers are invited to send lists of trial names. We offer liberal premiums for any number of trial subscriptions from one up; particulars sent on application.

Editorial.

DR. HIRSCH, of Sinai Temple, lately preached a sermon on the subject, "Ecstasy or Ethics, which?" We did not hear the discourse, but it is easy to guess its purport, especially under the handling, equally vigorous and rational, of the learned and liberal preacher. The religion of emotion, mere good feeling and exalted sentiment, is rapidly giving way before the demand for a faith that shall demonstrate itself in terms of reason and conscience, reaping those fruits of culture and improved conduct demanded in every department of modern activity.

THE reception given to Rev. and Mrs. W. W. Fenn, of the Church of the Messiah, in the church parlors last week Thursday, to which the members of the three other churches were bidden as guests, was the occasion of a pleasant, social reunion, and the harbinger, we hope, of other gatherings of a similar nature, during the season. Our four churches should make arrangements to hold at least four of these union socials every year, one in each church. The busy, exacting cares of life in a great city like this, afford none too many opportunities for mutual acquaintance and support, and we should all set earnestly to work to inaugurate a new era of social help and harmony. Mr. Fenn's presence among us as a new man, whom all wish to welcome and honor according to his due, will be most helpful to this end. We hope excellent results, both to the church that has called him and to the cause of our Unitarian faith at large, in Chicago and in the West, from his coming.

WE learn from a recent writer that the widow of the immortal creator of "The Angelus" still lives in Bartizon, though not in the house in which the painter lived, and passed through those heart-rending struggles with poverty and discouragement which seemed his only passport to fame. It will be remembered that money was raised by friends in France and America, to buy the old home and present it to Madame Millet, but the present owners declined to sell, and the painter's widow lives in a house near by, with pleasant surroundings of orchard and garden, and in the midst of a characteristic landscape that must continually remind her of her husband and his work.

IT seems to us the press has been somewhat too discriminating in the notices of the recently deceased James Parton, in the pains it has in nearly every case taken, to point out that he was not a genius and could present no just claims to greatness. It is quite probable Mr. Parton himself recognized this; and, meantime, it is pertinent to call attention to the fact that the world has profited a great deal by men of talent only, and useful faculty, while genius often hinders as well as stimulates progress. As a writer, Mr. Parton was bright, readable, and in thorough sympathy with the modern spirit, an excellent and trustworthy guide to the study of those subjects with which he dealt. Possibly the charge of partisanship in the treatment of such characters as Aaron Burr and Andrew Jackson has some foundation, but the interest and value of such works lie largely in the fact that the author believed in the worth of his subject. The student of history will always give an honorable place on his shelves to works like Parton's Voltaire and Thomas Jefferson. The labors of the intelligent commentator are as much needed as the higher flights of so-called genius.

THAT doughty apostle of reform, Robert Ingersoll, was recently in the city, and expressed himself with his usual freedom and good nature to a visiting reporter on a number of themes, among others the woman question, uppermost in the Chicago mind just now, and on horse racing. Mr. Ingersoll says, with native satire, that he objects to horse racing, not on the ground of its immorality but its cruelty. "The good people object to racing because of the betting, but bad people, like myself, object to the cruelty." He has no objection to trials of speed, providing the whip and spur are banished. On the question of woman's work and position, the Colonel says he claims no right for himself that he is not willing to grant his wife and daughter. "Those amenable to the laws should have a voice in making the laws." "Ignorance," in his opinion, "is not the foundation of virtue, nor uselessness one of the requisites of ladyhood." This is the gallantry of justice and common-sense, and is gaining rapid assent in all minds nowadays.

MRS. LEIGHTON'S little book, referred to in our editorial on "Starlight," aside from its own merits, has many claims on the friends of our cause. Mrs. Leighton is a sister-in-law of our late Prof. William F. Allen, of the Wisconsin University, whose faithfulness will be long remembered; and she and her husband prepared for publication Theodore Parker's volume of "Prayers" and his "The World of Matter and the World of Man." She is also the author of "Life at Puget Sound," and "A Swiss Thoreau." She has been an invalid, confined by weak eyes to a dark room for fifteen years; and the hopeful thought and wide study seen in her book, are another evidence of an inner light, more wonderful than starlight.

THE present age is subjected to a good deal of unnecessary and superficial criticism, as an age of skepticism and critical inquiry. Our excellent contemporary, the *Christian Union*, gives voice to this spirit of complaint when, after making the general statement that "criticism never discovers religious truth," it adds that the modern religious critic, though he is doing much valuable work, can himself give us nothing new; "for that we must look to the prophets." The main distinction here made is a valid one, but is often put to over-fine uses. It sometimes happens that the critic is a bit of a prophet also, and it is nearly always true that the prophet is a good deal of a critic. We need go no farther than the Old Testament in the establishment of this claim, and succeeding history shows very clearly that the power to discern the need and dawning of a new day springs almost inevitably from dissatisfaction with the old order. Jeremiah blamed and upbraided Israel more than he flattered her, yet all his fault-finding sprang from a profound belief in the possibility of a better state of things for the chosen people, they themselves might, if they would, bring about.

THE *Christian Leader* thinks the statement of the editor of the *Unitarian* in a recent issue that "the general attitude of Universalists toward the Bible, is perhaps more conservative and timid than that of the Broad Church Episcopalians or the Andover Congregationalists," is misleading in two important ways: First, it is unjust to compare one entire denominational body with a mere section or faction in another. "It is not an uncommon thing for one end of radicalism to be more conservative than one end of conservatism;" and cites as example Dr. Peabody among Unitarians, claiming that certain of his views are less advanced than those of Congregationalists like Dr. Munger or Dr. Gladden. Second, the contrast Mr. Sunderland points out is not so great as is claimed in reference to the Andover professors, but his statement in respect to the Broad Church movement, which it conceives as the fountain-head of modern rationalism is accepted. But modern rationalism has its root farther back than the date of the famous "Essays and Reviews," and was the essential principle in the Protestantism of Luther and Erasmus, though not perceived in its entire logical merit and application. The term rationalism, it should be remembered does not define any conclusion or outcome of thought, only the principle of induction applied to religious problems. Its merit is not lost when its nature is fairly understood, and its precepts only partially practiced.

IN a recent discourse by Rev. Lyman Abbott this statement is made: "Life is man seeking for God; Christianity is God seeking for man. All religions show us man searching after God; Christianity shows us God searching after man." The distinction here attempted is one that appears very clear, doubtless, to the mind that postulates the general thought of religion on a single form of the race's religious experience; that begins by claiming infallibility for this single form, and then measures all other forms by this assumption. But to the mind accustomed to the thought of universal religion, taught to yield equal respect to the impulse of worship and aspiration towards goodness wherever found, there is something not only crude but irreverent in this method of reasoning. God is seeking man no more to-day than in those remote ages when no human life had yet been evolved on the planet; especially is He not seeking him by any single path, marked out in any special system. There is something most forbidding to the rational intelligence in such a thought. But through Christianity and every other form of faith and human endeavor, men are seeking Him, seeking and finding, yet with thirst for truth and goodness continually appeased and forever unassuaged. For on such a road it is progress, not finished achievement, brings happiness and growth of soul.

"What Has Happened?"

Dr. Herrick Johnson in his speech for a closed fair on Sunday before the Sunset Club, referred to in our last, made the most of the argument from precedence, urging that in America all the great Fairs *had been closed* and that if a change was necessary the friends of the open Fair must show "what had happened in the meanwhile to necessitate a change." The Doctor did not go farther back for a precedent, apparently, than the beginning of what he calls the "American Sunday." Since the American Sunday was established, and the public sentiment that enforced it has crystallized, we can confidently point the Doctor to some very important things that have happened. Since that time Sir William Jones and his followers have opened the minds of the Western world to the lore of the East. The astounding truth has been revealed that other than Hebrew and Christian traditions point to high idealities, noble spiritualities, and ethical conceptions of God and the future. Since that time Darwin has demonstrated the evolution theory, and Spencer has worked the same into a noble system of philosophy, which makes the seven days

creation story of Genesis a nursery tale. Emerson has written, and Edison has discovered since that time. The public schools of America have made democratic the religious companionship of our children.

The persecution of the Jews has well-nigh ceased, the recognition of the secular quality of the state has been pretty thoroughly established, and the world has progressed so that it now smiles at the Presbyterian Synod that proposes to arraign for trial and condemnation a Dr. Briggs because he ventures to hope that there is a place in the future that will be happy and beautiful for such souls as Newman's and James Martineau's. There is happening every day that which disintegrates faith in a supernatural religion, and deepens men's and women's hold upon the natural sanctions of morality and of the spiritual life. Ethics has been elevated above dogma, and character above creeds. Further than this, the songs of Whittier, Tennyson, Longfellow, Lowell and Browning have become the common property of all reading and thinking Americans. These songs have been inspired by a faith in the sanctity of *seven* days in the week and in the belief that Jesus meant what he said when he declared that "the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." These, and many more things have happened which compel a reconsideration of the scope and significance of morality and religion. If Dr. Herrick Johnson has not heard of these things, the public has. If he does not promulgate the triumphs of science, and still speaks of their results with sarcasm and ridicule, and of the workers in that field with slight esteem, the public at large does otherwise. It has heard and profited by the utterances of Huxley and Tyndall, of Darwin and Spencer, and furthermore, such organs as the *Christian Union*, the *Independent*, the *Review of Reviews*, the *Arena*, *Forum*, the *North American Review* and many other so-called secular organs of thought and conviction, are preaching a gospel of universal brotherhood, which is affecting the public deeply, though it may not have fully reached the deliberations of ecclesiastical councils and conventions. Since the Puritan Sabbath was established, the Red Cross organization has established the supremacy of the humanities, over and above nationalities; it has vindicated the power of love as dominant even over the forces of war. These international and world sympathies, which have been formulated by commerce as well as by science, which are the product of trade as well as of philosophy, are doing away with the arrogant conceit of the "Christian" that he is the favored child of a partial God, and that his "scheme" of salvation and his favorite holy day must tyrannize over the choice, spirit and the habits of all the other inhabitants of the globe. These are a few of the things that have "happened," which call for a new consideration of the Sabbatical claims of our Presbyterian and other orthodox brethren, and which make legitimate the question, "Is it not possible for religion to make friends with the science and the art and the culture that will gather itself in the Columbian Exposition?" And out of this conjunction will there not be discovered the material out of which thoughtfulness and poetic ideality may be generated; material so valuable that religion can not afford to withdraw it from public study, nor deny the people any opportunity for such study, any day in the week or any hour in the day.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—Why did Abou Ben Adhem's name lead all the rest? Small Boy (remembering the roll at school).—Because they wrote them in alphabetical order.—*Ex.*

Starlight.

We hope many of the readers of UNITY have seen Mrs. Caroline C. Leighton's recent valuable little book, entitled, "Intimations of Eternal Life," and will remember its many suggestive scientific illustrations of the permanence and power of unseen and unsubstantial things in nature. Had she written a few months later, she might have added to these illustrations from the recent address of the president of the British Association. In that address Dr. Huggins reviewed the astronomical work of the last few years, and made us feel anew the fidelity and power of that most unsubstantial of all known things,—light.

Much he told of the wondrous work of light in celestial photography, revealing stars visible in no telescope, and writing out unsuspected secrets in the structure of nebulæ. But still more suggestive was his story of recent work in the spectroscopic field where he is a recognized master. That work in analyzing distant worlds has gone on, until thirty-six of our terrestrial elements have been identified in the sun, and the faintest light from furthest space is ever found to tell its story faithfully. But even more marvelous, if possible, is the recent advance in the art of measuring the celestial movements by mere light. For though the movement of a star may be so imperceptible that even if across the line of vision, to right or left, it might not be noticed in a thousand years; yet, if toward or from us, when the movement would seem far more difficult to detect, it is shown in the spectroscope in an instant. The star may be so distant that it might move toward or from us a hundred miles a second for a whole century without showing any perceptible change in brightness; yet such a movement is immediately revealed and measured by the displacement of the lines in the star's spectrum. Whether the movement of the star is toward or from us, is shown by noticing to which side of its proper place the line is displaced; and how fast the movement is, is shown by the amount of the displacement. The motions of many stars and of several nebulæ have thus been measured, and found to be at various rates ranging from two to seventy or more miles a second. And Dr. Huggins says the measurement is getting to be so accurate as to leave an error of less than a mile a second.

And from this method of measuring the movement of stars, have come still more remarkable discoveries and proofs of the fidelity of light. For certain stars, at certain regular intervals, double their spectrum lines for a time; and thereby show that each such star is composed of two, which at these times have different movements relative to us, and are thus proved to be revolving about their common center. For instance, the variable star Algol, whose fading for a few hours every third day has been one of the problems of astronomy, proves by this doubling of its lines in the spectroscope that it has a larger but darker companion which partially eclipses it each revolution. The movement of these doubled lines shows that at one time Algol is receding from us some twenty-four miles a second, and thirty-four hours after is approaching us some twenty-eight miles a second; while its darker companion also changes its direction and performs its revolution with a velocity about twice as great. In Mizar and a few others, which have no variation, the spectroscope has in the same way revealed double stars, and shown the times and rates of their revolutions, though the two are much too near together to be separated by any telescope. Beta Aurigæ proves to be such a double, with its two stars only 1-200 (one two-hundredths) of a second apart; that is, nearer together than a man's two eyes would appear if he could be seen from a distance of a thousand miles. Dr. Huggins says it would probably require a telescope with an object-glass eighty feet in diameter, or 700 times the area of that in the Lick observatory, to separate these two stars; yet the feeble light in the little spectroscope, does it, and shows their movements and weighs them besides. For by thus finding the revolutions and orbits of such double stars, the astronomer is able approximately to calculate their masses as compared with our sun, to weigh worlds without even seeing them, by this impalpable lever of light.

So faithful is this light, and so wondrously does it, with each new discovery, repeat and emphasize the lesson which science is continually revealing, that the insubstantial things of the world are the surest. Such lessons seem to have a spiritual suggestion too. When airy steam draws the great train so swiftly; when a more invisible agent in the telegraph line can so outstrip the train; when this still more insubstantial light, with no line to guide it, can so surpass electricity, and from its stations in the stars can speed through space eleven million miles a minute for a century, and still retain its power to work these wonders and write its records of unseen and unsuspected worlds; it seems to tell us to put more trust also in the insubstantial things in ourselves, and in that inner light of love "which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." It enlarges our thought of the creative Power thus clothed "with light as with a garment," and makes us suspect, as Dr. Huggins says, that the great stars themselves may be but as pebbles on the beach, with the ocean of ultimate reality and truth lying beyond. This thought of the light seems worthy to add to the many suggestive ones which Mrs. Leighton has gathered in her book.

H. M. S.

WHAT is it to me that a great reformer arises and sets some old wrong right, unless I see that his coming and the work he does are not mere happy accidents, but the expression of great necessities of human life and of a condition which mankind has reached by slow development and education? What is your brave act without a brave nature behind it? What are your smiles unless I know that you are kind? What is your indignant blow unless your heart is on fire? What is all your activity without you? How instantly the impression of a character creates itself, springs into shape behind a deed.—*Phillips Brooks.*

NATURE makes fifty poor melons for one that is good, and shakes down a tree full of gnarled, wormy, unripe crabs, before you can find a dozen dessert apples; and she scatters nations of naked Indians, and nations of clothed Christians, with two or three good heads among them. Nature works very hard and only hits the white once in a million throws.—*Emerson.*

OBEDIENCE is the crowning grace, as it is that principle to which polity owes its stability, life its happiness, faith its acceptance, creation its continuance. Exactly in proportion to the majesty of things in the scale of being is the completeness of their obedience to the laws that are set over them.—*Ruskin.*

FRIENDS, let us hold by our hopes . . . . All things here pass; yet say not they are but hopes. It is because they are not the things hoped for that they are precious—the very opals of the soul. By our hopes are we saved.—*Macdonald.*

Men and Things.

IT is reported that Henrik Ibsen will spend the winter in Christiania. This is his first prolonged visit to Norway since he left home thirty years ago.

THE American Humane Society of Boston has added to its publications the two prize essays on vivisection, written at the instigation of the Society. One advocates and one opposes vivisection, and the prize, five hundred dollars, was evenly divided between the two essayists.

COLORED women are distinguishing themselves as journalists in America. Among them is Mrs. S. M. Mossell, who is on the staff of the Philadelphia *Times*. Mrs. W. C. Matthews has won reputation as a reporter for a leading New York journal; and Miss Ida B. Wills is a writer of short stories for country newspapers

DURING the Middle Ages the custom grew up of allowing the choristers of English cathedrals to choose yearly one of their number to act the part of a bishop. If the boy bishop died within his short period of office, he was buried in his episcopal robes. A tomb with the effigy of a boy so clothed may be seen in Salisbury Cathedral.

MISS KATHERINE WORMELEY'S winter home at Newport abounds in treasures and interesting things of all sorts. She leaves her Newport house in summer for the White Mountains. Last year she built for herself a home on Thorn Mountain, at Jackson, and there she is at home in the summer. Miss Wormeley is the translator for Roberts Brothers of works from the French.

MRS. AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON, the Southern novelist, lives in a pretty home on Spring Hill, the shady and picturesque suburb of Mobile. As Mrs. Wilson grows older her remarkable erudition, which characterizes all her novels, increases, until she has come to be regarded by her neighbors as an unquestioned authority on everything, from the concoction of a culinary dainty to the method of building an Etrurian aqueduct.

"THE Empress of Japan," says *Woman*, "takes a keen interest in female education, and devotes all her 'savings' to this object. Every month she visits the school for peeresses at Toki, and personally interviews each student and inquires after her progress and well-being. The Japanese girl-students, while eager to embrace our learning, have not copied our costumes and habits, and remain still the quaint, gentle, picturesque musmees of Japan, clad in the many-colored and flowing kimono and gorgeous obi."

WE are requested to publish the following notice: "The Illinois Woman's Exposition Board is charged with the duty of preparing for the World's Columbian Exposition, an exhibit representing the industries of the women of this State. In order to set about this work intelligently and prosecute it thoroughly the board needs the fullest possible information in regard to the part now being taken by women in the industries of Illinois. Every woman in the State who is engaged in any profession, craft, or other industry is earnestly requested to send her name, address and occupation to this board. With this data the board would be best able to plan the exhibit and reach the possible exhibitors."

ONE of our city press reporting the scenes and incidents of some of the night schools, recently re-opened, speaks of one pair of adult scholars who have been recently married: "They came over from the old country, some months ago, and were married here. He is a cabinet maker, she is a cutter. They leave home together in the morning, each taking a lunch in a tin pail. They go home together and get their supper (not dinner, that they have only Sundays), and then they go to school in the evening. She has learned to write a little, and he is getting along pretty well in his spelling and can read where the words are of not more than one syllable. She has been asked to pronounce the word "do," written on the black-board. And he, the sly dog, is telling her behind the book. She tells it in the way he tells her, and of course she gets it wrong because he does n't know himself. But he has learned one thing that is essentially America—that is gallantry." We agree with the writer that marriage is not likely to prove a failure with this young couple.

MRS. EMMA ENDICOTT MAREAN, well-known in Chicago circles, has accepted the position of secretary of the Boston Browning society, Mass. W. R. Rolfe, the writer, is president of the organization and Col. T. W. Higginson first vice-president. Mrs. Marean was for many years a prominent member in the Chicago Browning work. We congratulate both the society and the secretary on this new connection. Among the papers to be read before the society the present season are: "The Love Poems in Bells and Pomegranates," by Colonel Higginson; "Some Art Reminiscences of Browning," by C. P. Cranch; "The Christ of Browning's Poetry," by C. G. Ames. "Browning's Views on Immortality" are to be discussed by Rev. Francis Tiffany and Rev. M. J. Savage. Mrs. Marean is to write on "Browning's Conception of Life as an Education."

Contributed and Selected.

Lost Voices.

Whatsoe'er the years may bring
As their grateful offering,
Be it joy or be it pain;
Still the calling I shall hear
Through the distance, far or near,
Of the voices once so dear,
I shall never hear again.

Through the clamor and the din,
Through the silence deep within,
Still I hear the selfsame strain;
Hear the calling soft and low,
Hear the rippling, pleasant flow
Of the voices I did know,
But shall never hear again.

From the distant farther shore
Are the voices wafted o'er?
Do they seek to ease my pain?
Or does memory play the tune,
Learned in some far distant June;
And does her sweet subtle rune
Mean that I may hear again.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

Books That Have Been Helpful to Me.

Those books have been most helpful to me which have given me a conception of the race as one in all time; which, while portraying its development from the child's estate to man's, disclose also the tokens of our common humanity—family joys and sorrows, the hero's pride, the plodding routine of humble labor, the beatitudes of love and the plethoric ease of sensuous life. They are those books which remind me that man is essentially the same in all time, that his needs have been the same, that he himself is more than his institutions, and that, in spite of dark pages in his record, he has sought the good; that, to use the words of Longfellow:

"In all ages every human heart is human."

I designate, of course, works of history, written by those able, not only to calculate dynastic successions, but able to feel the life throbs of a people and send their pulses into our own veins.

I designate the reverent student of history in its original sources, who, exploring tombs, unlocking old alphabets, unearthing ruins and obtaining at length a glimpse of the life which once animated all, yet in view of the little accomplished is moved to exclaim:

"Behold the puny child of man
Sits by time's boundless sea
And gathers in his feeble hand,
Drops of eternity.
He overhears some broken words,
Of whispered mystery;
He writes them in a tiny book,
And calls it history."

Yet, he consoles himself with the reflection:

"If, indeed, the puny child of man
Had not gathered drops from that wide sea,
Those small drops that fill his little span
Had been lost in dumb eternity.
Feeble is his hand and yet it dare
Seize some drops of that perennial stream.
As they fall, they catch a transient gleam;
Lo, eternity is mirrored there."

What is education but to be freed from that embarrassing consciousness of self which marks the child, the savage, the ignorant man when in presence of the new or unfamiliar? What is more truly to educate than to call away attention from fancied personal merit or demerit to a contemplation of one's fellow-beings, till one loses himself in the surging crowd of humanity and regains that healthy balance lost by too great isolation?

What, more than history, tends to reduce that undue self-esteem of our age, that tendency to regard our conclusions final, that flippant disposal of great questions, that half-concealed sneer at everything of a high order, that ready self-assertion which marks the mind not broadened beyond the ordinary circle of ideas?

Of all forms of history, the historic novel, when written by one whose spirit is comprehensive, free and responsive, does the most for the reader; not the novel written in the interest of an institution, a theory or an age, but that which, behind systems, sophistries and display, has found man with passionate needs and touching sorrows.

Such a writer is Dr. George Ebers, who, though erudition itself, subordinates this to the picturesque, poetic and human elements of his theme. I will briefly allude to a few of his master touches:

In "Uarda," who can read of the physician, Nebsecht, submitting to the priest-ritual for which he cared nothing, that he might have opportunity to study his chosen subject, periling his life to learn the mysteries of the circulation of the blood, grieving that nature had denied him that sensitiveness to beauty which he saw in his poet-friend, Pentaur; dying at last with the sorrowful cry: "I have been something—therefore I can not become nothing; nature is a good economist and utilizes the smallest trifles; she will use me too, according to her need—if only I could prove." Who can read this without feeling that the earnest in all ages form a nobility, a brotherhood?

Who can read "The Sisters," noticing the ingenious craft by which the god, Serapis, was made to appear animate, without recognizing that the same ingenuity, otherwise applied, is prized and practiced yet.

The novel, "Serapis," takes away the halo around the early Christians, and shows us their human faults and failings, drawing them thus all the nearer to us.

Look upon the brilliant court of the noble Rhodope, of the "Egyptian Princess," the whole-souled abandon of the lovers, Sappho and Bartja, the latter's openly avowed excuse for delay at a gathering: "Our child's first smile kept me."

Listen to the words of Peter Van der Werff, the burgomaster of Leyden, during its memorable Spanish siege of 1574: "What I can do is little; what I ought to do is written within, and I shall act accordingly." Who can forget such a passage?

There are historic novels which are partisan and which divert one from man as man. Many of these are eminent in their way, as "Dio, the Athenian," by Burr, and "Ben Hur," by Wallace. But they do not hold one's sympathies to more than a chosen hero and heroine and therefore accomplish not the highest result. Ebers's works possess, in a large degree, sympathy with a multifarious existence. They depict life two thousand years ago, with a glow and passion. True, they are but fiction, sometimes a shifting of events to accommodate the romance, yet but a shifting; the events themselves being carefully verified and the setting being studied with an artist's eye.

One can not spare the good which these works afford.

RETTA A. HOYLES.

Aurora, Ill.

Modern Ideas in Education.

But the Kindergarten is not an end unto itself. The work there begun, must be continued throughout the whole process of education. If after a few years spent in the Froebel atmosphere, our children are to be brought out under influences of a totally diametrical order, it were better for them that never they had played with the kindergartner. The idea that education is largely explorative, has not yet found acceptance as it should. Every young life is an incarnation of the Godhead, it is an end unto itself and destined to fill a place in the organism of the whole. What that place is, that to find, is the main object of school education up to the years when the special education for the place discovered must begin. Hence all the faculties must be equally exposed to the educational process. Not merely the head and there again only the memory, not merely the hand and there again mechanically, but all together and rationally,—head, hand and heart. The child shall not repeat and imitate; it shall think and reproduce. Have we the teachers for this? Schoolmarms who embrace the teachers' profession as a stepping-stone to matrimony or as a temporary makeshift, are indeed incompetent to lead children as they should be. We need professional teachers, whose tenure of office is safe from political combinations; with good salaries and a pension after years of service, appointed and treated like judges of the United States courts. Upon these Pestalozzi-Frœbel principles the modern manual training-school is planted. Its object is not to teach this or that craft, as little as it is the province of the literary schools to teach this or that liberal profession so-called. The trade and the profession is an afterconsideration. The manual training-school aims at rounding out man; at giving him full control of all his senses; at lending, through labor, dignity to thought, and through thought, nobility to labor, and through both, winging to higher flight the moral sense of man. Its aim is explorative; to help the growing man to find himself and prepare him so that when he has found himself he can, with all his senses and faculties developed, specialize himself without danger of dwarfing himself. Such training-schools will be the schools of the future. . . . . In the meantime let us be glad that we have, in this city, and under the auspices of the Jewish community even, the model school, after which all will have to be patterned, on the day when Froebel's principles will be accepted as the true solution of the educational problem. Let us celebrate the birthday of the pure lover of the children by resolving to help make the school which we have founded, a still greater influence for good by contributing to its support. No more beautiful word is ascribed to Jesus by his biographers than the plea to "suffer the little ones to come unto him." When these words fell from his lips, he gave utterance to sentiments which are dear to every Jewish heart. The Jews are a nation of teachers, and among them the teacher and his work found ever glad and grateful recognition. The teachers' ranks were the order of Jewish aristocracy. Before Jews, then, it is scarce necessary to plead the cause of education. Before this, my noble Sinai Congregation, many words are not in place to dilate on *how we* should revere the memory of Froebel. In our saints' calendar he has an honored day. We love to recall him when the great and good come back to us on the wings of today. Not one with us in the outward form of his faith, we hail him one of our larger community because he loved mankind. To that love we too are bound; in it we too find the highest service of our God.—*From an address on Froebel by Emil G. Hirsch.*

BURN every scrap that stands not the test of all moods of criticism. Such lack longevity. What is left gains immensely. Such is the law. Very little of what is thought admirable at the writing holds good over night. Sleep on your writing; take a walk over it; scrutinize it of a morning; review it in the afternoon; digest it after a meal; let it sleep in your drawer a twelvemonth; never venture a whisper about it to your friend, especially if he is an author. —*Alcott.*

Music

For Singing Schools, and Choirs.

Victory of Song.

By L. O. Emerson. 192 pages. 60 cents, prepaid; $6 a dozen, not prepaid.

Emerson's latest and best Singing Class Book for 1891–1892. Glees, Part-Songs, Choruses, Hymn Tunes, Anthems, Chants, and 4-part Songs; with Rudimentary Exercises, Lessons and suggestions on note-reading, articulation, etc. *A superb book.*

The Graded Singing School.

By D. F. Hodges. 60 octavo pages. Price 50 cents, prepaid; $4.50 a dozen, not prepaid.

Mr. Hodges' thorough knowledge of singing school needs is revealed in this unexcelled collection of 4-Part Songs, Glees, Hymn Tunes, etc. The progressive course of Musical Notation with 56 pages of simply explained Elements, renders it an invaluable book for every school.

Song Harmony.

By L. O. Emerson. 184 pages. Price 60 cents, prepaid; $6 a dozen, not prepaid.

For Singing Schools, Musical Institutes, Conventions, etc. A fresh class book of newly arranged material for the learner. 100 pages of "Elements" with illustrative songs and exercises, specially arranged with reference to practice and instruction.

Emerson's Royal Singer.

By L. O. Emerson. 192 pages. Price 60 cents, postpaid; $6 a dozen, not prepaid.

This book contains an improved setting of Scales and Exercises. One page of Manual Signs, 3 pages of Musical Notation, 47 pages of Review Lessons, 64 pages of Glees and Part Songs, 72 pages of Hymn Tunes, Anthems, Choruses and Chants.

☞ *Any book mailed postpaid on receipt of price.*

Convention Conductors, and Singing Class Teachers are invited to correspond with us before purchasing their needed supplies.

Lyon & Healy,

Chicago, Ill.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, BOSTON.

THEODORE PARKER,

A LECTURE BY

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Edited by John H. Clifford and Horace L. Traubel.

This volume is rather a profound spiritual estimate of the character and services of Parker than a detailed biographical analysis of the man. No such comprehensive picture of American religious life as involved in Parker's career has come from any other hand. It adequately reflects all the controversies and nobler affirmations of these later decades. The highest reverence, conjoined with the last claim of freedom—a note not sufficiently recognized, even in friendly judgments upon Parker—here finds witness. It is thus a sketch of liberal thought to miss which must be to an American hereafter one of the perils of scholarship.

Octavo, 78 pages, $1.00 postpaid.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Publishers

175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

"THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

Monthly = Illustrated

Published Simultaneously in The United States and Great Britain —

NEW YORK, As for Place.

$2.00 a Year. 20c. a Number.

ARE YOU TAKING THIS NEW MAGAZINE ? WHICH EVERYBODY IS talking about and most people are reading

If not, you SHOULD SUBSCRIBE before January 1, when the yearly price will be advanced from $2.00 to $2.50.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS,
13 Astor Place, New York.

PLAYS Dialogues, Tableaux, Speakers, for School, Club & Parlor. Best out. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Chicago, Ill.

OUTLINE STUDIES in HOLMES, BRYANT, WHITTIER. 10 cts. mailed. CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Pubs., 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Church Door Pulpit.

The Six Years' Course.

IV. Buddhism.

PART I.

By Rev. John C. Learned.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.—*I. Cor. 2: 9.*

I. In full view of the snowy peaks of the Himalayas, about as near to them as Denver is to the Rocky Mountains—yet rising to more than twice their height; on the banks of a small tributary of the upper Ganges, stood in the ancient times the town of Rapilavastu, the capital of a small principality of India. There lived Suddhodana, the king, with his beautiful wife, Mayadevi. He was of the famous solar race of Sakyas; and to this pair was born a son,—hence, Sakya-Muni—whose life dates an era in the world's history, and whose name has been given to a body of religious believers which outnumbers every other.

This child was born about 550 B.C. There were many strange things told of his birth. He had long been foretold by the mouth of angels and prophecy. He pre-existed and prepared himself for the mission upon which he was to enter. He determined the continent and the country where he should appear; the tribe in which he should be born; the mother who should bear him, and the very time of his advent. (Faustböll). In the fullness of time, then, the wife and queen of Suddhodana, most pure and lovely of women; a virgin most obedient through long generations to the fine precepts of holiness, bore the long-expected babe of promise, amid omens of great joy.

An unusual light everywhere appeared. The blind, longing to behold the glory of the new-born, received their sight. The deaf heard. The dumb spake one with another. The lame walked. Prisoners went forth, free from cells and chains. The fires of hell went out. The hungry were fed and the sick were well. Men everywhere spoke to each other in kindly tones. All nature sympathized. The wild animals were no longer afraid. The air was filled with the melody of birds and of musical instruments. Refreshing rains fell upon the thirsty earth. Flowers bloomed as never before. Rivers for a time forgot to flow. The salt sea became fresh. The gentle breezes wafted all manner of fragrance. Four angels and four kings stood by the mother and the child to guard them from harm. An old Brahman, Asita, came down from Himavat to greet the babe. This (he said) is to be the Buddha. For himself he grieved that old age would not allow him to hope for his instruction. Scarcely was this remarkable child born when he took seven steps by himself, and at the last one, proclaimed himself even in the midst of earthly kings and heavenly powers, as the Lord and Master of the world. Then he sang a song of victory.

He grew up, manifesting great perfections of mind and beauty of body. He was married, and his father's wealth surrounded him with luxuries. But there was much in life to stir serious thoughts. Pleasure left him unsatisfied. The power to excel in skill, or the triumphs of ambition, could not quell his deep longings. One day his attention was arrested by an old man. He was wasted by age, his teeth decayed, his hair white, his body bent and broken, supported by a stick. Siddartha, the future Buddha, was riding in his chariot, and he asked his coachman, "Who is this man?" And when he was told, and realized that this condition of feebleness and suffering was the fate of all, full of sorrowful reflections he hurried back to his palace. Then his father, the king, sought to multiply the pleasures of the young prince, lest he should forsake the world and go into seclusion, looking upon life as vanity.

But on another occasion, going to his pleasure grounds, he saw a sick man. He was friendless, homeless, lying in destitution and filth, consumed with fever. Again, with agitated heart, he hurried home, overpowered with a sense of the miseries of humanity.

Once more on the way to the gardens of Lumbini, a company of weeping friends came, bearing a corpse upon a bier, and he learned that death was in store for all. Again he returns home but to suffer at the thought of the wretched conditions and pitiful results of life. Shortly afterward upon going out he sees a begging friar, a man clad in a plain garment who had given up the ambitions and pleasures of the world, living austerely and simply, that he might conquer himself. He received in alms all that his life required.

Then there came to Siddartha a full sense of his mission. He was twenty-nine or thirty years old. He longed to deliver mankind from the evils which afflicted it, to point out the path of redemption from the sorrows of repeated births, to reveal the rest of Nirvana. There came to him the vision and necessity of his own renunciation. Just then there reached him the news that Gopa, his wife, had borne him a son. He knew how hard it would be to leave wife and child, if once his eyes rested upon them. Yet he went toward their chamber, to get one last glance. The mother was sleeping with her hand upon her babe, in the dim light. He yearned to take the little one in his arms. But he might waken the mother, and then he might not be strong enough to resist her appeals, and complete his resolve. So he mounted his horse, Kanthaka, that stood at the door, and fled; and for thirty leagues, guided by a star at night, and accompanied by his servant Channa, he pressed forward and away from all the ties and possessions and pleasures of his past life; and upon the bank of the river, Anonia, he became a hermit.

There he shaved his head and beard, cast away the insignia of his royal rank, laid off the silken raiment of Benares; and with the coarse, yellow robes of the beggar, with the alms-bowl, razor, needle, girdle, and water-strainer of the itinerant or pilgrim, he entered upon his new life. Greatly was he tempted by evil spirits, both on his flight and in the desert; but he persevered in his "great struggle" against sin. Six years, with five others who had joined themselves to him, he did penance and fasted. A single grain of rice would often serve him for a meal. But he became greatly emaciated; his golden complexion grew black, and at last he fainted and fell; he became unconscious through feebleness and pain, although angels frequently ministered to him. Afterward he revived, and then he learned that penance was not the way to wisdom. Already he had been without eating forty-nine (7x7) days, and he gladly accepted milk and rice from a maiden, (Sujata) and was refreshed. Sitting under a Bo-tree, or tree of wisdom, he waited and said: "Here will I remain until I receive insight"—until knowledge of the way of life is revealed. Again the evil spirit (Mara) assailed him; the Great Black One and other deities soon felt their inferiority to him; and in the end Gautama was recognized as victorious. Even the rocks and deadly weapons that were hurled against him, were changed into bouquets of flowers as they reached him and fell harmless at his feet. Then Mara, the tempter, and his hosts fled away; and in the air an angelic song of triumph was heard, saying:

"The Blessed Buddha—he hath prevailed!
And the Tempter is overthrown."

Motionless, a day and a night he sat, silent and with a waiting mind, under the mystical fig-tree, with face towards the East, anxious for the illumination: "Whence comes this Life in man, his consciousness, his pain?" And as day broke he saw the origin of evil, he becomes the Awakened One, the Buddha of Salvation. He was then clothed with perfect wisdom; he attained the triple science. Here, under the sacred tree—which the Chinese pilgrim is said to have identified 1,000 years afterward—paradise, so to speak, was regained. The way to redemption was opened. Sense was to be sacrificed in the interest of knowledge. What was wanted was clear judgment and remembrance, softening old age and death; freedom from fear, calmness—bringing men home to Nirvana. Penance had failed. Philosophy, in any one of the six systems, was insufficient. But self-control and inward culture, supplemented and glowing with love, were the secret and the haven of peace.

Gautama was overcome at the thought of the responsibility of his mission, of the great task before him. He was afflicted with a sense of his loneliness, of the distance between himself and his fellow-men. He saw about him multitudes of the ignorant and thoughtless, and he had compassion on all. Yet mankind might be divided into three classes: (1) the submerged, or hopelessly bad; (2) those habitually virtuous, and (3), lastly, the undecided and wavering. The first he might work in vain to help; the strong did not need him; but the last his word might reach and recover. These he could not leave to perish.

Five friends and disciples he had with him, in the probation of his penance and fasting. They had already gone back over the Ganges. He determined to find them and make known to them his revelation. He turned his steps towards Benares as he says:

"To give light to those enshrouded in darkness,
And to open the gates of Immortality to men."

The five disciples, though at first distrusting him, were won by his earnestness, and the truth of his appeals. Two of his first converts were women. In five months there were sixty in all who had accepted his doctrines.

Then for forty years he journeyed through northern India with his message. In the rainy season—from June to October — he and his followers rested, living in groves; then at the command of the Master, they separated. "Let us part from each other (he said) and proceed in various and opposite directions. Go ye, now, and preach the most excellent law to all men everywhere, carefully explaining its triple sense—the beginning, middle, and end—that many not hopelessly given up to their passions and to the pride of life, may be free." Teach men, he said:

"To cease from all wrong-doing,
To get virtue,
To cleanse one's own heart;
This is the religion of the enlightened."

Forty years and more he lived to make converts; and when the first long outcry of heresy and insanity against him was over, success everywhere attended him. Kings greeted him with honor, and built structures for his use. Saints and scholars joined his ranks. The multitudes were drawn to him by his personal beauty, by his eloquence and by his matchless virtues. "In his eightieth year he remembers that it is the time appointed for him to enter into *Nirvana;* predicts to his disciples that in three months he shall be taken from them; consoles their sorrow; admonishes them to fresh zeal, and bids them gather up his precepts when he is gone, and proclaim them to the whole world. At the appointed time and place he dies in a holy grove, surrounded by his chosen apostles, exhorting them to remember that all things are passing away, and to prepare themselves quickly for what is imperishable. They, in turn, promise that they will preach his word fearlessly, enduring to the end." All night long he counsels his friends, but at break of day he passes away. Over him, as he lay on his dying couch, the two Sala trees in that solemn night became loaded with fragrant blossoms; and when the Master drew his last breath, the flowers from the bending branches dropped about him almost covering his body. Then, also, meteors flashed and fell; the earth shuddered as from an earthquake. But soon music, as of a beautiful requiem, filled the air.

On the eighth day the body was burned, when eight kings strove with each other for the relics. Finally, reminded by Ananda—his cousin—of the peaceful spirit of the saint, the fragrant, pearly white bones were divided into eight portions and borne away to rest in great topes or temples in distant parts of the land.

II. Having thus sketched the story of Gautama Buddha as it is told in the traditions of the faithful, we may next ask what were the conditions of that world into which he was born? What were the beliefs and customs which he came to modify or displace? And finally, what has been the outcome of Buddhism itself?

To begin with, it may be said that no world-reformer, or prophet, or Saviour ever rose more exactly at the time and place he was wanted. Buddha appeared in the fullness of time. He was the man for the hour. The age wanted him—was waiting for him—and in that sense created him. There was a vacant place, a spiritual vacuum. If anywhere in that Indian world there is a great consecrated life following the law of greatest attraction or least resistance, it will be swept into it. The man was found out, heard the call, felt the pressure and grew with the greatness of his opportunity.

We are not to forget that Buddhism had its birth in the land of the Vedas. But the Vedic religion, which in its origin was that of a simple and cheerful race (the Aryan), when domiciled under the great Himalayas and on the lower Ganges, developed into the most complex exhibition of polytheistic worship known to history. Out of it sprang a caste-system rigid and cruel. Out of it came a priesthood and a ritual that sought to cover and regulate by divine sanction every smallest act of life. Out of it, in that region of fierce heats, unfanned by sea or mountain breezes, and of luxurious vegetation, came a sense of world-weariness, and a despair of life which settled upon human spirits like a pall. Gautama, as has been said, stood where his feet were washed by the sea of Brahmanism. (Davids.)

But what was Brahmanism in its essence? It was a form of pantheism. It was a deification of the finite. It was a surrender of all proper sense of perspective in nature or in life. Existence was timed and measured by rites and ceremonies. There was constant play and movement, but no power of progress. There was constant worship, but religion was dead, the moral sense inert, the will run down, except in the sphere of forms and sacrifices. Freedom was lost. There was no relief from externals but in a despairing mysticism; no relief from mysticism but in these empty shows. Will and action were over-

grown with thought, were paralyzed by the tropical imaginings of that sickly land. The elementary forces of nature—sun, fire, rain and the magical Soma plant,--these in their manifold manifestations in gods and spirits without number, took up all the time and thought of men. Yet the way was being secretly prepared for the coming change. More and more the god Brahma, the Indian Pan, came forward in the mind of the worshiper, or lay as the ground of all divine agency or manifestation. It was the demand for unity which was then struggling for place in the thinking world. Brahmanism was a sort of solvent of the gods, fusing and reconciling their contradictory attributes, or pushing their personalities back into less prominence; neutralizing their fierce conflicts in a vague vision of a Supreme One, where all is everlasting quietude. In short the Brahman had reached the conception of "the Great One before whom all human movement is stilled, where all colors pale and all sounds expire." (Oldenberg.) And the hearts of men hungered for some solution of existence wherein there should be a truce to the conflicts of the gods and a medicine and cure for the contradictions of life.

(To be continued in next number.)

The Study Table.

Books here noticed promptly sent on receipt of price by W. W. Knowles & Co., Publishers and Booksellers, 204 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Life of Jane Welsh Carlyle. By Mrs. Alexander Ireland. New York: Charles L. Webster & Company.

If one can ignore the uncomfortable sensation of having caught himself listening at the Carlyle's keyhole again, he may feel grateful for this sympathetic biography of Mrs. Carlyle, in which her story is told simply and frankly. It was natural, perhaps, that Mrs. Ireland should wish to write it, and although she gives few new facts and adds little to the store of information already liberally supplied by Mr. Froude, there is a certain advantage in having a consecutive, compact narrative of this strangely sorrowful life. Mrs. Ireland tries to echo "the opinions of those who were privileged to know her—those whose eyes were opened to her deep, isolated nature, her shining gifts, her unique charm and her life of pain." Despite the interest one feels in a portraiture like this, one can hardly help questioning if it affords sufficient reason for detailed biography. Mrs. Carlyle was hardly an exceptional woman even in points of brightness and intellectual gifts, or in her talent for letter-writing. She was the wife of her husband, if that is answer enough; but judging by the current reviews and comments, the real ground for this interest is the fact that we are led to an intimate knowledge of experiences which are ordinarily kept from discussion or even betrayal. The darker possibilities of married life come to our knowledge through the newspaper or the novel. This kind of suffering escapes the reporter, but it is common enough to supply readers with plenty of material for discussion and theory. Perhaps, it is true that Mrs. Carlyle could never have been a happy woman under any circumstances, but it is always easy to moralize over the duties of other people, and to explain how this misery or that misunderstanding might have been avoided. One lesson at least may be drawn from this life, and that is a renewed appreciation of the moral obligations to which men and women pledge themselves when they dare to enter the life of another. The obligation to see things from another's point of view, to respect another's individuality and rights, remains just as binding in the case of disappointment as in happiness. To marry means the voluntary assumption of a certain share of responsibility for the well-being of another soul. This responsibility endures too, not for a month or a year only, but for a lifetime, because nothing, not separation nor divorce, can annul the influence each has already had over the other, and put the two lives back where they were. Coercion by law is of no avail where this sense of moral obligation does not exist and take precedence over any longing for happiness or even peace. However rebellious and "wearying" the Carlyles may have been in the friction of daily life together, they knew at least that there was no way out of it except through it; and that they did the best they could, let us, who see at most but a small part of their lives, charitably believe. Thus we feel that Mrs. Ireland's insight is truer when she says: "We think there was a deeper understanding between those two isolated natures than the world could ever know of," than when she writes of irritable tempers and sad hearts; and we end as we began, with the feeling of having shared in the needless cruel wrong done to Jane and Thomas Carlyle by all these revelations.

E. E. M.

Mind is Matter; or the Substance of the Soul. By William Hemstreet. New York: Fowler & Wells Company, 775 Broadway, Publishers.

Our author's thesis is hinted in his title. The soul is a material substance, in the present life associated with the body, but indestructible and so capable of an independent and immortal existence. The book belongs to that increasingly numerous class which have a wide circulation among the unlettered, and deceive their readers into mistaking socialism for science, fantastic speculation for erudition. Among the consequences of our modern reaction against authority, is the widespread belief that in estimating the worth of a man's views on even the profoundest of problems, it is not necessary to take into account whether he has a recognized reputation as a reliable scholar. Loyalty to the democratic principle requires us to concede to all men equal rights in philosophy as in politics. Let us be fair. This volume is not without merit. A few of the numerous quotations which it contains are excellent.

With the Admiral of the Ocean Sea. By Charles Paul Mackie. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

This is a rather dry-looking volume, extending over nearly four hundred pages, 12mo. of closely printed matter, and the mind wearies a little in advance as the eye glances curiously through it; yet we have the valuable testimony of a boy of fifteen, who after beginning it was sorry to drop it, even for his meals, until it was finished, as to the interest of its contents. The author has not given us a personal narrative of Columbus, but has drawn his materials almost entirely from the diary of the great captain; the book has, therefore, a value and interest quite its own, and will form a valuable addition to the Columbian library every one is collecting to greater or less extent, now-a-days.

Four and Five. By Edward E. Hale. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price, $1.00.

A new story from this source is its own recommendation. "Four and Five" is a narrative dealing with the people and incidents connected with a Lend-a-Hand Club, and is told with that mixture of fun, fact and fancy, in which there is a good deal of preaching, but in the most delightful vein for which Dr. Hale is noted. The book is published in the "Ten Times One" series.

A WRITER in the New York *Sun*, speaking of Rev. Howard MacQueary's book, "Topics of the Times" says that he "gives well-meant advice on socialism, the negro in America, the Bible in the public schools, the real rights of women, and discusses seriously the conundrum, 'Did the fish swallow Jonah?' But the clerical mind is not often sufficiently logical and scientific to be enlightening to those not members of the congregation specially addressed, and the Rev. Mr. MacQueary is no exception to this general rule." This is severe in its general proposition, and we think many examples could be cited to show that the clergy are as intelligently interested in modern social problems as any other class of thinkers.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice.

Thomas Carlyle's Moral and Religious Development. By Ewald Flügh. Translated from the German by Jessica Gilbert-Tyler. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 140. Price, $1.00.

The Lost Ring and Other Poems. By Caroline A. Mason. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 194. Price, $1.25.

His Marriage Vow. By Caroline Fairfield Corbin. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Paper, 12mo, pp. 325. Price, 50 cts.

White Slavery. By Louis Albert Banks. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 327. Price, $1.50.

Lorita. By Susie R. Clark. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Paper, 12mo, pp. 171. Price, 50 cts.

The Woman's Manual of Parliamentary Law. By Harriette Shattuck. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 18mo, pp. 236. Price, 75 cts.

Life is Worth Living. By Eleve. Chicago: Fanny M. Harley, Publisher, U. S. Express Building. Paper, 12mo, 44 pages. 25 cents.

The Captain of Company K. By Joseph Kirkland. Chicago: Dibble Publishing Co., 260 Clark St. Cloth, 12mo, 351 pages.

A Study of Greek Philosophy. By Ellen M. Mitchell, Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 282. Price, $1.25.

The One Hoss Shay. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Leather, 12mo, Price, $1.50.

Mental Suggestion. By J. Ochorowicz. New York: Humboldt Pub. Co. Paper. Four numbers. 30 cents a number.

Betty, a Butterfly. By the author of "Dear Daughter Dorothy." Boston: Roberts Brothers. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 199 Price, $1.00.

Last Words. By Julia Horatio Ewing. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 285. Price, $1.25.

Jolly Good Times at Hackmatack. By Mary P. W. Smith, Boston: Roberts Brothers. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 347. Price, $1.25.

The Exchange Table.

Home of Russian Serfs.

The following pathetic picture of life among the lowly in Russia is taken from Edna Dean Proctor's new book called "A Russian Journey."

Chill mists and vapors hung in the air, and every breath wafted showers of yellow leaves from the birch trees and filled the low pines with answering sighs. There is no sadder sound in nature than the wail of these Russian winds blowing straight from the wastes of ice and death that encompass the pole—their force unbroken from the Arctic Sea to the Caspian save by the forests through which they sweep with hollow, mournful tones that have in them some secret of eternity. The wind of the desert uplifts the soul; that of these northern steppes paralyzes it with fear.

Now, for the first time, we began to see the villages and hamlets of the former serf population, not yet changed under the new *regime*. Nothing drearier can be imagined than these log huts with a roof of boards and often but a single window—poor sheds, which seem dropped without the least order upon the bare plain. Though sometimes miles from any town, they had often no apparent shop of any kind, nor street, nor winding path, nor tree, nor shrub, nor window flower to relieve the hard monotony. The poorest Highland shieling has its gorse and heather and its mountain setting for the Irish cot there is the little garden and the encircling green; over the mud hut of the Egyptian the palm waves its plumes; but neither nature nor art cheers these mean abodes which subserve only the rudest necessities of existence. Enter them and you see but a few clumsy articles of furniture of the peasant's own manufacture, with nothing to raise the thoughts above groveling cares but the little picture of the Madonna, or some patron saint, hung high in the farther corner of the room, before which a lamp is suspended and kept, if possible, always burning, and to which all the events of the humble household are made known.

WITH the very best intentions in the world, wage-earners are too often approached as if they were something apart from ordinary life. Those who would help them do not recognize the great sisterhood of women. They are apart in true womanhood and nobility of character; so far apart that I often wonder how we dare to say we are their friends. They live such lives as you or I could not live. It is grand to be among them and to feel what a good thing it is to be a woman and make womanhood tell, even in shops and factories. "But," some one says, "we don't have such working-women in our city. Our kind want to walk the streets at night; they like young men; they wear a lot of feathers and flowers, and fussy clothes, and they read cheap novels."

Are you speaking from the knowledge that open-handed fellowship brings, or are you speaking from the outside? If you really knew these girls you wouldn't say such things; if you don't, do you think it is quite fair to indulge in such sweeping condemnation? Do you know, these girls sometimes come to me and ask, "Isn't it possible to form an organization to educate ladies? Why do they say such strange things about us? Don't they go out with young men? Don't they like pretty dresses? Why must they have matrons when they go out in the evening? We don't. Don't their mothers trust them?" They feel that you do not understand them. The lives of wage-earners are like those of other people. They have a physical, intellectual and social life, and work to do for other people.

But they need us. We have culture which they desire; leisure to devote to making plans and devising methods of carrying them out; daintiness and imagination to bring to their practicality and common sense. We need to combine forces. But it is not with the desire "to do good" that we go to them, but rather as sisters, seeking what good may be done to us.—*Grace Dodge, reported in the daily press.*

Infant Class Work.

The Kindergarten Magazine gives regular typical Primary Sunday-school Lessons according to the teachings of Froebel. It is devoted exclusively to Child Culture, giving special every-day helps for mothers with young children. One year $1.50, three months trial thirty cents. Kindergarten Pub. Co., 277 Madison St., Chicago.

THE WOMAN'S TRIBUNE.

A weekly journal devoted to the interests of women and to current affairs. The only woman suffrage paper in America contributed to by MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, the president of the National American Woman Suffrage Association. Her reminiscences are now being published in it. A real live all-around periodical, readable by every member of the family. Price $1.00 per year. Five weeks on trial for ten cents. Address Clara Bewick Colby, editor and publisher, Beatrice, Neb. Published in Washington, D. C., during sessions of Congress.

A RATIONAL VIEW OF THE BIBLE
By Newton M. Mann. 206 pages. 50 cents.
CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'S
New Books.

Dante's Divine Comedy.

Translated by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, Professor in Harvard University. With Notes. In three volumes. I. HELL. 12mo, gilt top, $1.25.

Professor Norton is recognized in America and in Europe as not only one of the best Dante scholars, but as one of the few masters of English prose. His translation of the Divine Comedy is as literal as is consistent with good English.

Dante's Eleven Letters.

Translated into English by CHARLES S. LATHAM, with Introduction and Notes. Edited by G. R. CARPENTER, Professor in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Secretary of the Dante Society. With an Introductory Chapter by Prof. Charles Eliot Norton. Crown 8vo, $1.50.

This translation of Dante's Letters, which is the first ever made in English, won a prize from the Dante Society for its excellence.

Abraham Lincoln.

By CARL SCHURZ. With a fine new portrait of Lincoln. 16mo, $1.00.

Mr. Schurz portrays Lincoln's career and character with remarkable fairness and wisdom, and justifies the admiring love with which his memory is cherished.

Joseph Hardy Neesima.

By ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY, author of "But Yet a Woman," "Passe Rose," etc. With portraits of Mr. Neesima and Hon. Alpheus Hardy. Crown 8vo, $2.00.

This account of one of the most famous Japanese of modern times is deeply interesting. His education in America, his contribution to the wonderful transformation of Japan, and the light thrown on that unique country by his letters, render the book peculiarly valuable and engaging.

What is Reality?

By FRANCIS H. JOHNSON. Crown 8vo, $2.00.

This is a book of remarkable grasp and power, and is a contribution of great value toward the solution of some of the deepest problems that can engage the mind of man.

The Ride to the Lady,

And Other Poems. By HELEN GRAY CONE. 16mo, gilt top, $1.25.

A tasteful little volume containing some of the most genuine poetry which has been produced in this country for some years.

Letters of Lydia Maria Child.

With a Biographical Introduction by J. G. WHITTIER, an Appendix by WENDELL PHILLIPS, and a Portrait. *New Edition.* 16mo, $1.25.

The Lost Ring and other Poems,

By CAROLINE A. MASON. $1.25.

The tone of Mrs. Mason's poems is in many respects like that of Mr. Whittier's, and this tasteful volume must be welcome to many.

The One-Hoss Shay,

With its Companion Poems, HOW THE OLD HORSE WON THE BET, and THE BROOMSTICK TRAIN. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. A Holiday Book, with sixty Illustrations by HOWARD PYLE. 8vo, full leather binding, $1.50.

These three famous companion poems have been illustrated with admirable spirit and humor by Mr. Pyle, and form a tasteful and popular book.

The Undiscovered Country.

A Novel By WILLIAM D. HOWELLS. Riverside Paper Series. 50 cents.

One of the strongest novels Mr. Howells has ever written.

*** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent post-paid, on receipt of price by the Publishers,*

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Notes from the Field.

Rochester, N. Y.—We have received the Unity Club outline of work for 1891-1892. It is divided into the "Emerson Class" and the "Social Topic Class," and announces in all fifteen monthly meetings alternating each with the other. The Emerson Class has chosen for this year's class books, George Eliot's Romola, Lowell's Poems,—Selections, and Robert Browning's Poems,—Selections. Home reading is the condition of classmembership, and the poems are suggested for home use rather than for class talks. Romola is to be "read as a picture of the Italian Renaissance in Columbus' time." "For more light" other books and magazine articles are recommended. The sub-topics of each meeting are given, promising a paper on the central topic of the month's study and quotations from Romola or one of the chosen poets at each meeting. The more important poems to be read are printed in italics. The Social Topic Class publishes a list of fourteen topics "coming to the front continually in current editorials and magazines." From this list a committee chooses the topic of each meeting, the topics to be announced one month beforehand; class fee for the season for each section of the club, fifty cents. The Women's Society announce, in a neat circular, eight meetings in the church parlor on the second Wednesday afternoon of each month. After a business meeting in October, the following subjects are to be considered: What are the cardinal virtues of mothers? How can our Women's Society best promote the welfare of the church? How shall mothers develop the sense of responsibility in their children? How can we, as a church, best promote the good of the community? The True Relations of parent to teacher. Churchgoing. Children's play.

Boston.—Rev. Brooke Herford will probably sail for England in January.

—At the October meeting of the directors of the A. U. A. appropriations were made to New England churches.

—The Unitarian churches, of London, have passed a vote of "welcome back" to Rev. Brooke Herford. His American experience is expected to give to the London ministers a much-needed spirit of self-assertion.

—Our Channing Hall lectures for the present season will be given under the auspices of the National Bureau of Unity Clubs on the afternoon of each Monday, from November 9 till February 22d. The subject will be "Social Problems of the Day." The lecturers will be such men as Edw. Atkins, N. P. Gilman, President Capen, of Tufts College and President Walker, of Massachusetts School of Technology.

—The opening address of the annual meeting at Litchburg, of the Sunday-school Society will be given by Prof. Toy, of Harvard University.

—At the first meeting of the Ministerial Union, Prof. G. H. Palmer, of Cambridge, will speak on "The Value of Sects."

—Rev. M. J. Savage told his society in his first autumn sermon about his California trip. In the "far West" he imparted encouragement—in the East he is now inspiring increased interest in the Pacific churches.

—Rev. Phillips Brooks, who was last week consecrated as Episcopal bishop, began directly his round of church visits, confirming new church members. Everywhere he is warmly welcomed, and his liberal spirit gives emphasis to his religious instructions.

Washington, D. C.—"The People's Church" at Washington, D. C., under the lead of Rev. Alex. Kent, of that city, held its initial public service in Lincoln Music Hall, on Sunday, October 4. The friends of the new movement report increasing interest, and we are hopeful that a new church is to be permanently established on broad foundations of truth and righteousness. Rev. Alexander Kent was for thirteen years pastor of the Universalist Church of Washington City, during which time the society built a handsome church at a cost of forty thousand dollars. Still there were those who scented heresy in his preaching. He was charged with being "more a Unitarian than Universalist," and finally resigned his charge, less than two years ago. There followed numerous secessions from his old church and "these withdrawing members and a number of 'outsiders' who knew Mr. Kent and liked him and his preaching" have rallied around him in the formation of "the People's Church." We learn from a correspondent on the ground, that the movement meets a felt need in the Capitol city, and that still another liberal church possibility awaits the auspicious hour in East Washington.

Lawrence, Mass.—Rev. Geo. H. Young was installed as minister of the First Unitarian Society in Lawrence, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 27. The sermon was by Rev. Edward Everett Hale. The other ministers present, and participating in the exercises were: Rev. Chas. Noyes, Rev. W. E. Gibbs, Rev. Brooke Herford, Rev. Chas. G. Ames, Rev. Geo. Bachelor, Rev. E. A. Horton and Rev. Geo. C. Cressy. The hymns for the interesting occasion were written by Rev. G. H. Young, Rev. E. A. Horton and Rev. M. J. Savage.

W. W. U. C.—An adjourned board meeting was held at Headquarters Oct. 31st, 1:30 P. M., President Rev. Ida C. Hultin in the chair. Others present, Mrs. J. V. Blake, Mrs. E. A. West, Mrs. Ida Temple, Mrs. Celia P. Woolley, Mrs. Marion Perkins. Among other communications the secretary read a telegram from the Pacific Coast Women's Unitarian Conference, sending greetings and the expression of a wish for "hearty co-operation in our common work." The secretary presented plans for a meeting to be held under the auspices of the W. W. U. C., at Janesville, Nov. 17, 18 and 19. Voted to hold such a meeting, and the president and secretary were instructed to complete arrangements for the same. Mrs. West spoke in the interest of the bi-monthly meetings of the Chicago branch, urging that the members of the board interest themselves in securing a larger attendance, and wider co-operation. Miss Hultin reported the Women's Meeting held at Grand Rapids during the State Conference. Mrs. Woolley moved that in consideration of the pleasant occasion of reunion afforded to the members of the four Unitarian churches of Chicago, in the reception to Rev. and Mrs. W. W. Fenn, at the Church of the Messiah, Oct. 29, the secretary of the W. W. U. C. communicate with the three other churches, requesting each to hold a union social sometime during the current year, and that the churches in Oak Park and Hinsdale and other suburban towns be invited to participate in these meetings. Adjourned.

MARION PERKINS, *Sec.*

Eau Claire, Wis.—The Wisconsin Unitarian Conference has just closed a very interesting session, continuing from October 26th through the 28th. Sermons were given by Rev. Grindall Reynolds, of Boston, on "The Glorious Church;" by Rev. T. B. Forbush of Chicago, on "The Religion of that Glorious Church;" and by Rev. Henry Secrist, of Milwaukee, on "The Power of Association." Papers were presented by Rev. Olympia Brown, Racine, on "Christian Union;" by Rev. W. F. Place, Ascadia, on "Intellectual Freedom and Spiritual Life;" by Rev. S. F. Gibb, Janesville, on "Changing Fashions in Religion;" by Miss Elizabeth Kelsey, Menomonie, on "The Children's Hour;" and by Rev. Henry T. Secrist, Milwaukee, on "The Effect of our Religious Belief on Life." An interesting feature of the Conference was the ordination of Henry T. Secrist, at which service Rev. Grindall Reynolds offered the ordaining prayer, Rev. T. B. Forbush gave the charge to the candidate and Rev. Henry Doty Maxson gave the right hand of fellowship. The devotional exercises at the opening of each session were excellent and helpful in spirit. Rev. Henry Doty Maxson was elected president of the conference for the ensuing year. It is hoped that the attendance of the members of the various societies can be greatly increased at future meetings as they need the stimulating influence of these meetings. To further this end, Rev. Henry T. Secrist was elected railroad secretary to secure reduced rates at the conferences.

W. F. PLACE, *Clerk.*

Monroe, Wis.—The Universalist society at this place recently passed the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, Rev. L. W. Sprague having announced to this congregation that he had accepted an offer and call from Pomona, California, taking his leave of this parish at the expiration of his second year's efficient and very satisfactory labors here in the cause of Liberal Christianity and the Religion of Truth; and the time for leave-taking having come, and the friendly, social, and altogether pleasant ties that have characterized the sojourn of Mr. and Mrs. Sprague with this society for the past two years, being for a time to be severed, therefore,

Resolved, That it is deemed proper and gratifying to the minds and hearts of this congregation that we give expression, in a formal way, to the appreciation and great esteem felt by this community of the worth, ability, devotion and energy exemplified by the efficient work done by our pastors; and to express the hope that in their new field of labor, on the western border of this great continent, they may enjoy prosperity, and ever find happiness in doing good; fulfilling the mission to which an overruling and kindly Providence has appointed them.

Resolved, That, while we part with deep regrets, we bid them God-speed, we congratulate the people of Pomona in securing as ministers in the Liberal Christian work, Revs. Mr. and Mrs. Sprague.

Submitted in sincerity.

By the Committee,

JOSEPH WOOD,
MRS. E. S. ABBOTT,
CHAS. A. BOOTH.

Chicago, Ill.—The First Unitarian Church of Chicago gave a pleasant reception to its new pastor, Rev. W. W. Fenn and his wife, on the evening of Thursday, October 29. A general invitation was given to all the Unitarians in the city, and considerable delegations from all the other churches were present. A delightful social evening was closed with elegant refreshments served by the ladies of the First Church. The newly renovated church, the bright and hopeful feeling of the congregation, and the courage and ability of the new pastor all conspire to make the outlook for this First Church of our name in Chicago a most cheering one.

It was announced during the evening that the Rev. Brooke Herford would speak in the church on Wednesday evening, November 4, on "Forty Years in the Ministry," after which a reception would be tendered him in the church parlors, to which all the Unitarian congregations in the city were cordially invited.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.—We have received the calendar of the Universalist Church of this city, Rev. J. H. Palmer, minister, giving the names of church officers and special committees, and officers of the several auxiliary societies connected with the church. Another page gives the "Basis of Union" as follows: "We unite ourselves together for the purpose of creating a church home for ourselves and our children, and to which we welcome all who would do or receive good in a common work or service. Our sittings *are free to all.* Our church doors open as easily and as widely for a toiler as for a millionaire. We invite you to our service of worship and to our service of work, for we hold that loving labor for human welfare is the highest expression of love to God."

Further on, we find the "Universalist Profession of Faith" adopted at Winchester, N. H., in 1803, a briefer "Statement," and "The Conquering Sign," by F. L. Hosmer. The calendar carries on some of its pages great words from Carlyle, Emerson, Longfellow and others.

Lincoln, Neb.—The "Young People's Guild of the Unitarian Church" has recently been organized. It meets Sunday evenings before service. The object is declared to be the cultivation of religious thought and aspiration, and giving expression to the higher or spiritual life by means of devotional readings, prayer, and the consideration of great religious and moral questions. This year a study in comparative ethics will be undertaken, beginning first with Hebrew and Jewish ethics, then taking up the Graeco-Roman ethics and concluding with various types of Christian ethics. The programme for each evening is as follows: 1. Religious quotations from all present; 2. Poem; 3. Prayer; 4. Topic for the evening. At the last meeting it was voted to join the National Guild Alliance.

Portland, Me.—WE learn through Rev. N. E. Boyd, who is sojourning for a time at Portland, Me., that a very pleasant installation service of Rev. J. C. Perkins, as associate pastor of the First Parish, a young and promising minister, was lately held in that city. Rev. James DeNormandie offered the installation prayer, Rev. Dr. Hale gave the hand of fellowship, and Dr. Peabody delivered the sermon. The address to the parish was given by Rev. Grindall Reynolds.

Denver, Col.—The health of Rev. S. A. Eliot is fully restored and the work of the church and the conference is progressing with all its former vigor. Mr. C. E. Montague who has served for the past two years as secretary of the conference and superintendent of Unity Sunday-school, has been appointed parish assistant and has entered upon his duties. Harvest Sunday was observed with appropriate exercises on October 18 and Prison Sunday was observed on October 25. Rev. F. H. York has been obliged to resign the post of missionary of the conference on account of ill health The work at Pueblo will not, however, be allowed to drop. Regular eveuing services will be continued there until a new missionary can be found to enter this promising field.

—The Young People's Club, of Unity Church, issues a card, announcing its meetings, its committees and the following officers: President, Mr. John H. Gabriel; vice-president, Miss Leonie G. Rickard; secretary, Miss Louise Sherwin; treasurer, Mr. Ulrich W. Sprague.

Western Unitarian Conference.—The action taken at the last meeting of the Board of Directors of the Western Unitarian Conference asking the directors and others residing in the different states to share among them the responsibility for the field work of the Conference during the balance of the year, has met a cordial response all around. The Conference is therefore ably represented in Ohio by Rev. F. L. Hosmer; in Michigan by Rev. Ida C. Hultin; in Illinois and Indiana by Rev. J. Ll. Jones; in Missouri and Kentucky by Rev. J. C. Learned; in Iowa by Rev. A. M. Judy; in Nebraska by Rev. N. M. Mann; in Minnesota by Rev. S. M. Crothers, and in Wisconsin by Rev. H. D. Maxson; the secretary, Rev. J. R. Effinger, confining himself for the present to the work of the central office, the general direction of the field work and such local work as may be called for. It is hoped that this arrangement will not only maintain but increase the usefulness of the conference.

Monmouth, Ill.—We received the report of the Illinois Unitarian Conference held at Monmouth, October 26-28, too late for publication this week. The report will appear next week.

OVER 700 KINDS AND SIZES FROM $10.00 TO $75.00
THE GENUINE ALL BEAR THIS TRADE MARK BEWARE OF IMITATIONS
GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES
The World's Best

From Over the Border.—A book of prophecies and fancies concerning the life to come. By Benj. G. Smith. Cloth, 16mo, 238 pages, $1.00.

Without the inventiveness and daring of *Gates Ajar*, or the fascinating realism of *The Little Pilgrim*, it goes deeper into an exposition of the future state. . . . The theory is, that a constant tendency to higher moral and intellectual improvement rules the future. The person who relates his experience in the new region is shown the modes of life of families and communities in several states of advancement, and is permitted glimpses of the celestial city, which a rarer and finer spiritual culture will, by and by, fit him to inhabit. To those who are fond of speculating upon such themes, these pages will have attractions. Hardly had this lovingly written and beautifully made book been given to the public, when the author himself passed over the border, having died late in December, at the age of seventy-four.—*Literary World.*

Any book advertised by us will be sent prepaid by mail or express on receipt of price. For $5.00 cash with order, we will send books to the amount of $5.00 at advertised prices, and Unity one year free; this offer applying both to renewals and new subscriptions.

Address

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Publishers.

175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

The Evolution of Immortality.—Suggestions of an individual immortality based upon our organic and life history. By C. T. Stockwell. Third edition, with appendix. Cloth, 12mo, 104 pages, 60 cents.

With a very few exceptions, not injurious to his argument, we have read with great pleasure and profit this singularly attractive essay. —*Unitarian Review.*

One of the most suggestive and best developed essays on personal immortality which later years have produced.—*Literary World.*

Flowers of the Spirit. By Ella A. Giles. A book of original verses. Cloth, square 18mo, 93 pages, $1.00.

The pretty little volume is finding ready sales in the northwest. The one poem, "Little Blue Shoes," has received praises enough to make the book a success, even were there no other of equal merit.—*New Orleans City Item.*

Any book advertised by us will be sent prepaid by mail or express on receipt of price. For $5.00 cash with order, we will send books to the amount of $5.00 at advertised prices, and Unity one year free; this offer applying both to renewals and new subscriptions.

Address

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Publishers.

175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

The Home.

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—There's a deal in man's inward life that you can't measure by the square,

Mon.—If the past is not to bind us, where can duty lie?

Tues.—What makes life dreary is the want of motive.

Wed.—Necessity does the work of courage.

Thurs.—Our deeds, like our children, live and act apart from our own will.

Fri.—No good is certain but the steadfast mind,—the undivided will to seek the good.

Sat.—Middlingness is always pardonable, so that one does not ask others to take it for superiority.

—*Geo. Eliot.*

The Duty.

Let all the good thou doest to man
A gift be, not a debt;
And He will the more remember thee
The more thou dost forget.

Do it as one who knows it not,
But rather like a vine,
That year by year brings forth its grapes,
And cares not for the wine!

A horse when it has run its race,
A dog when tracked the game,
A bee when it has honey made—
Do not their deeds proclaim.

Be silent, then, and like the vine
Bring forth what is in thee;
It is thy duty to be good,
And man's to honor thee.

—*Myrtle.*

Eric and Zeta.

Eric Olsen lived in Norway, where the summers are short and the winters long and cold. His father was a farmer and kept many cattle. When the warmer days came, Eric's oldest brother, Olaf, would drive the cattle far up into the mountains to a little hut called a *saeter*, and stay there with them all summer, while they fed on the mosses and grass which grew in the clefts and valleys. Eric liked to go with Olaf, and when the cows started out in a long procession, would call them each by name, Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, etc., after the letters of the Greek alphabet. Of all, Zeta was his favorite. Her color was like a fawn, her ears were tinted with pink, and she had short horns, which never would hook anyone, she was so gentle.

But one day Eric heard a piteous bellowing, and hurrying to the herd, found that Zeta had fallen from the side of a cliff, and was lying, badly cut by the sharp rocks, in a ravine below. He ran for Olaf, who said that Zeta must be killed, as she could not be lifted from the ravine. But Eric begged for her life.

"I know a little path which leads into the ravine," he said, "and I will come every day and bring her food and water."

Clinging to the mosses, he led the way along the slippery rocks, and Olaf followed.

"I don't think she can live," said Olaf, after examining Zeta's wounds, "but you may try to save her."

Zeta kept very still while Eric washed the poor, bruised skin, and put salve upon it. At first she would eat nothing, but Eric sat beside her faithfully watching. He made believe he was a learned doctor from the great town of Christiania, visiting a country patient. At night he spread a warm blanket over her. "She is improving, I think," he said to Olaf, "though I could tell better if I knew where to feel her pulse. I can't find it in her hoof."

On the next morning Zeta drank eagerly and would eat a little. Eric brought her the freshest bits of grass and moss he could find. All dumb animals learn to love you very soon, if you are kind to them. Before long Zeta would turn her beautiful, brown eyes toward Eric, whenever she heard him coming. She liked to have him pat her glossy neck, and talk to her. When her appetite came back, he was kept very busy hunting food for her, until he persuaded Olaf to bring down a large bundle of grass for her use.

"Be careful not to slip," said Eric, "it is hard to walk on this narrow path with such a load on your head."

"Ay, ay," said Olaf, "if I fall, I'll toss you the rope from my shoulders. Do you think you could pull me out?"

Eric tended Zeta patiently many days. At last she was able to stand again, but he would not let her follow him along the slippery way out of the ravine until her legs were quite strong and firm. It was a happy day for him when he led her up to the *saeter*, with a beautiful, new, blue ribbon round her neck, and a little bell attached, which tinkled merrily all of the way.

When Eric's father heard how Zeta's life had been saved, he gave her to his little son to keep always. She well repaid Eric's care, for the money he earned from the milk she gave helped him to go to college, when he was grown, to study medicine.

Eric is now a learned doctor in the great town of Christiania, and people come to consult him from many miles around, but he never has forgotten his first country patient.—*Cora A. Benneson, in Scattered Seeds.*

A-FIVE-YEAR-OLD boy for the first time saw the electric lights illuminating the streets. He looked at one of them some moments in silent astonishment, and then ran over to his mother and exclaimed: "Mamma, come here! Here's a star on the top of a pole!"

CROUPY SOUNDS

At night, from baby's crib, are distracting to parents who are at a loss for a medicine equal to the emergency. Not so with those who have **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral** in the house. A dose of this medicine affords certain and speedy relief. To cure colds, coughs, sore throat, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, and the various disorders of the breathing apparatus, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has no equal. It soothes the inflamed tissue, promotes expectoration, and induces repose. Cap. U. Carley, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for thirty years and have always found it the best remedy for croup, to which complaint my children were subject."

Call For

"I use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my practice, and pronounce it to be unequaled as a remedy for colds and coughs."—J. G. Gordon, M. D., Carroll Co., Virginia.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; Price $1; six bottles $5.

The Best Books . . . .
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE
Can be selected from our
Library List,
Which is absolutely free from everything objectionable, and full of
Instructive and Helpful Ideas.
Send for list and prices from
WOMAN'S TEMP. PUB. ASS'N.
161 La Salle St., Chicago

Clothes Cleaning
ESTABLISHED 1845.
THE JOHN JONES ESTABLISHMENT,
119 DEARBORN ST.,
LLOYD G. WHEELER, Prop

Perry & Martin,
84 La Salle St., Room 516, Chicago,
Loan Money for estates and private parties on city property at current rates.
ELLEN A. MARTIN, Attorney.

Second Year of The Six Years' Course.—Some Religions of the Older World.

The Sunday-School.

IV.—BUDDHISM.

REFERENCES for Buddhism:
Buddha, his Life, his Doctrine, and his Order.—Hermann Oldenberg.
Buddhism—Hibbert Lectures.—T. W. Rhys Davids.
Oriental Religions—I. *India.* II. *China.*—Samuel Johnson.
The Indian Saint, or Buddha and Buddhism.—C. D. B. Mills.

LESSON IX.

1. The place and province and date of Gautama's birth.
2. The state of religion and society at that time.
3. The legendary story of Gautama's life and death.
4. His family, personal appearance, enemies, etc.
5. What is like and what unlike in the accounts we have of Jesus?

NOTES.

Some of the Vedic Aryans having pushed on beyond the five rivers of the Punjab, were raising cattle and rice along the Ganges and its tributaries. The Brahman priest had a little less power in this newer region.

Tribe of Sakyas at Rapilavastu, about 100 miles northward from Benares. An age of strife, unrest and jealousy.

Siddartha, meaning *victorious*, is a title of Gautama, as was also **Sakya-muni, Bhagava**, or **Buddha**.

The body of the dead Buddha scattered over the world like that of Egyptian Osiris. (Compare the saying about the ashes of Wickliffe.) "His skull is in India; his shoulder-blade, in Ceylon; the apples of his eyes are in a cloister in Nagara; his hairs, nails, fingers, in various cities of the East; his very **shadow** is shown in several caves of Western China; and his foot-prints are visited by crowds of pilgrims on the highest peaks of Asia, accessible to devotion." So his water-jar, wash-bowl, staff, mantle, and tooth are preserved and work miracles for the faithful.

"Buddha is no **god**, but only the **ideal** of what every man may become."—*Williams.*

A long way from India to Brahma; and now religion is to find its embodiment in a prophet and lover of men.

Buddha rises above all **gods** as **Christ** supplants the **Father** in the Christian system.

"In Brahmanism, God becomes man; in Buddhism, man becomes God."—*Williams.*

"Gautama stands side by side with Socrates."—*Davids.*

"Buddhism is man disgusted with nature; as Brahmanism was man intoxicated with nature."—*Reville.*

Horlicks Malted Milk.

"Its Effect Was Little Short of Miraculous."

"DOT." TWO YEARS.

DONGAN HILLS, S. I., April 22, 1891.

MALTED MILK CO., Racine, Wis.

DEAR SIRS:—I enclose a picture of our little two-year-old daughter "Dot." I send it with deepest gratitude for privilege of using your food, **MALTED MILK. I FEEL THAT WE OWE OUR LITTLE ONE'S LIFE TO YOU.** She was a tiny one from the start. We tried every food in the market in Boston. She could eat nothing it seemed. She barely managed to live for six months. We were again set adrift again in despair of her life. With but little faith I bought **MALTED MILK. Its effect was little short of miraculous.** She liked it from the first taste. She began to grow immediately. The problem was solved and her life was saved.

Last spring while teething she had a terrible attack of pneumonia. We feared the worst, but her vitality was such she bravely fought it through, and you see her thus to-day. I feel it a sacred duty to help you to present to the world your great discovery in children's food. It seems to me it has no rival. Make any use of this you please and refer to me in any way you like.

Sincerely,
THOS. DIXON, Jr.
Pastor of the Twenty-third Street Baptist Church, New York.

A Sample of Malted Milk will be sent free by mail upon request. MALTED MILK CO., Racine, Wis.

ONLY 2 CENTS.
JUST PUBLISHED.

There has just been published for general circulation a most interesting pamphlet, containing a good likeness of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll and articles from the following well-known writers: R. G. Ingersoll, Thaddeus B. Wakeman, B. F. Underwood, Matilda Joslyn Gage, Helen H. Gardener, Rev. Henry Frank, Nelly Booth Simmons, A. B. Bradford, Parker Pillsbury, Lucy N. Colman, Capt. R. C. Adams, Prof. A. L. Rawson, Lyman C. Howe, Susan H. Wixon, Allen Pringle, Wm. Emmette Coleman, Harry Hoover, Mrs. M. A. Freeman, Sara Underwood, Rev. J. C. Grumbine, J. J. McCabe, Lydia R. Chase, Henry M. Taber, J. C. Watkins, Dr. Edward Montgomery, Emma Rood Tuttle, Dr. Juliet Severance, Hudson Tuttle, E. C. Walker, Judge C. B. Waite, Dyer D. Lum, Voltairine de Cleyre, Lewis G. Janes and Dr. Richard Hodgson.

The publication will be forwarded to any address in the United States or Canada on receipt of an American two-cent postage stamp.

Address FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, Buffalo, N. Y.

FOR GOOD
APPEARANCE
and first-class wear, we recommend to all our black cheviot suitings. We have them plain, twilled, striped and rough.

The prices for sack suits range from $20.00 to $30.00. Pants from $5.00 to $8.00. Frock coats $2.00 extra.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

Nicoll THE TAILOR
CHICAGO ST. LOUIS
NEW YORK KANSAS CITY
OMAHA DENVER
ST. PAUL CINCINNATI
MINNEAPOLIS INDIANAPOLIS
SAN FRANCISCO LOS ANGELOS
PORTLAND, OREGON.
STORES
Corner Clark and Adams Sts., CHICAGO.

LISTEN!

Do you want gold? You can get it, and in goodly quantities. Money to be made, rapidly and honorably, by any industrious person of either sex. All ages. You can do the work and live at home wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. After a month or two of experience, many industrious workers make a great deal more. We show you how. Free, and make all easy. Shall we start you? Why not? No risk. And great earnings are sure. You can give spare time only, or all your time to the work. Capital not required. All is comparatively new and really wonderful. It's the best opportunity ever known by laboring people. Every worker earns big money, and failure is entirely unknown among them. Write and see. No room to explain here, but those who write to us will learn all by return mail, free of cost. Unwise to delay. Address H. Hallett & Co., Box 1750, Portland, Maine.

Letters to Farmers' Sons
ON THE QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.
Being familiar talks on Political Economy,
By Henry S. Chase. M. D.
This work is Making a Sensation.
PAPER, 25 CENTS; CLOTH, 50 CENTS.
Address, TWENTIETH CENTURY PUB. CO., 7 Clinton Place, New York City

Publisher's Notes.

To my Friends the Readers of Unity:—

I have received a gratifying word of appreciation which I take this way of passing on to our editors and contributors. The writer lives in a lumber town in the Alleghanies:

"I would not be without UNITY. I do not know which part I like best because I like it all. I am a working girl, and did at one time correspond with Mrs. B—— of the Post Office Mission. The *Twentieth Century*, the *Open Court* and the *Arena* are all good papers, but I would rather read UNITY, especially for consolation. One feels somehow stronger after reading it; I do anyway, for I am weak in myself and need the company of a good paper. I hope this letter of praise will not seem foolish and worthless."

Mrs. M. H. LeRow, of 331 Poplar street, Roslindale, Boston, whose missionary work in distributing the book "Daily Strength for Daily Needs" has been so notably successful, will this year help in the circulation of "The Faith that makes Faithful," Mr. Blake's "Essays," and Miss Burt's "Seed Thoughts from Robert Browning." I have just printed the fourth thousand of the latter book, in a parchment cover at twenty-five cents.

Mr. Blake's poem, "Love and Law," published in this column last week, will be ready in a few days as Number 31 of the series of "Unity Short Tracts." Copies will be sent postpaid to any address for 30 cents a hundred.

The New York *Commercial Advertiser* gives an interesting review of Mr. Hancock's last novel in *Unity Library*, which I quote:

"John Auburntop, Novelist," is a quaint and interesting book, original in its concept, pretending to be a love story, which, so far as the action of the principals goes, it certainly is, but yet so mixed with matters of literary and art taste that it is, in effect, a very extended colloquial review of literature, art and science, carried on under the guise of conversation between two lovers with widely different tastes and proclivities, spiritual and material. This plan suggests a somewhat pedantic, or at best a merely intellectual scheme in the conduct of the tale; but the reader is put to no such trial; on the contrary there is an excellent plot, in which the fates of the principals are ingeniously interwoven, and although the course of true love does not run smooth, yet the interest is well maintained, with a satisfactory play of character and quality in the actors. It is not proposed to sketch the scheme of the drama, as that would lessen the reader's interest. But it is not often that such a catching treatment of literary matter is put before the public."

I wish to call attention to the press notices in UNITY of Oct. 22, page 62, of Dr. Hahn's important work entitled "History of the Arguments for the Existence of God." I have purchased the outstanding edition of this book, and offer the remaining copies at 50 cents each, postpaid. The book is not electrotyped, and it is therefore unlikely that it will ever be reprinted; students of the subject should therefore take care to secure a copy of the present edition.

A letter just received from a San Francisco subscriber says:

"I inclose $1.00 and take advantage of your liberal offer, to send UNITY one year together with copy of Powell's "Liberty and Life" to same address, and one to my own. The book is grand beyond comparison; the author's soul has been sun-kissed by the gleams of celestial light. His words come like helping hands to one in darkness; he inspires his readers with new incentives to light."

The offer referred to is still open: For $1.00 we send UNITY a year to any *new* name and two copies of the paper edition of "Liberty and Life," either to one address or two separate addresses as preferred.

The new white-covered edition of Mr. Gannett's "Blessed be Drudgery" is now ready, and can be seen at this office or the rooms of the American Unitarian Association, Boston, or it will be mailed to any address for 10 cents a copy, or $1.00 a dozen.

C. H. K.

Deserving Confidence.—There is no article which so richly deserves the entire confidence of the community as BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Those suffering from Asthmatic and Bronchial Diseases, Coughs, and Colds should try them. They are universally considered superior to all other articles used for similar purposes. The late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher said of them: "I have never changed my mind respecting them from the first, except I think yet better of that which I began by thinking well of. I have also commended them to friends, and they have proved extremely serviceable."

To Denver via
BURLINGTON ROUTE.
Only One Night on the Road.

Leave Chicago at 1.00 P. M., or St. Louis at 8.25 A. M., and arrive Denver 6.15 P. M. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains *via* Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6.10 P. M., St. Louis at 8.15 P. M., and Peoria at 3.20 P. M. and 8.00 P. M. All trains daily.

Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road, from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria, to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston, and all points West, Northwest and Southwest.

THE FARMERS' VOICE.
A Weekly Publication for the Great Plain People,
Interesting, entertaining and instructive, with an aim and purpose to benefit mankind. The Farmers' Voice furnishes to its readers more useful knowledge for one dollar than can be secured from any other source for three times that sum. Why do we not increase the price to two dollars per year? The answer is: We do not think two dollars for a paper within the means of ALL the people. All intelligent people are not wealthy, but intelligence is a glorious element, with which the Farmers' Voice seeks universal connection.
Fifty-two numbers for $1.00. Thirteen weeks' trial trip 25cts. Can you afford to do without it?
For club rates and commissions address
THE FARMERS' VOICE,
334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill

HELPS FOR HOME NURSING
By Irene H. Ovington.
A pretty cloth-bound book of 114 pages, that tells home nurses
How to improvise conveniences for the sick-room,
How to secure good ventilation,
How to arrange the room,
How to prepare and serve delicious food,
How to amuse the invalid,
How visitors should be taught to behave,
with many other helpful suggestions.
Price, including postage, fifty cents. Agents wanted.
CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Pubs., 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

CANDY GOOD CANDY FREE Yes Free TO BOYS GOOD BOYS
We will give free to every boy or girl in the United States who will do us a slight favor, 4½ Pounds of Candy, French Mixed, Broken and Chocolate Creams. It will not cost you a single cent; we just give it to you for advertising purposes, and we send it prepaid anywhere in the U.S. If you never had as much candy as you wanted all at one time this is your great big sure chance to get it free. It will be great for Christmas, if you don't eat it before. If you want it send us your name and address at once
WESTERN PEARL CO., Chicago, Ill.

3 BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS CARDS and sample copy St. Louis Magazine for 10c
These cards sell in all stores for 10c each.
St. Louis Magazine, Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

3 IMPORTED Embossed Picture Cards and 3 months trial subscription to St. Louis Magazine for 25c. Subscription price $1.50 per year with premium. This quality cards sell in all stores for 50 cents a set. Address
St. Louis Magazine, 901 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

3 Extra Quality CHRISTMAS, New Year, Birthday or Easter CARDS and sample copy St. Louis Magazine for 10 cents. Mention the kind you want. This quality cards sell in all stores at 25 cents for set of three. Address
St. Louis Magazine, 901 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

THIS PAPER and
St. Louis Magazine
Both one year for $1.75.

Hulbert Fence & Wire Co. St. Louis, Mo.
Artistic Metal Workers.
Brass, Iron and Wire Office-work.
Railings, Crestings, Nettings, etc.
Everlasting Cemetery FENCES.
Shipped everywhere. Agents wanted.
Write for Catalogue and Estimate.

4 GREAT MASTERS
Selections from the writings, with sketch of life, of Channing, Parker, Emerson and Martineau. 5 cts. each, or all for 15 cts., mailed.
UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE, 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

MR. KNAPP'S HOME SCHOOL,
Plymouth, Mass. 12 boys. 25th year. H. B. Learned (Harv.), Head Master. Mrs. Knapp, Principal.
POWDER POINT SCHOOL
Duxbury, Mass. 22 boys. Laboratories.
Frederick B. Knapp, S. B. (M. I. T.) Principal

$5, $10 AND $20.00
Confederate Bills only five cents each. AGENTS WANTED.
SOUTHERN STAR, Atlanta, Ga.

A Gift BOOK OF BIBLE STORIES. 320 large pages, 320 fine pictures and colored plates, beautifully bound. Price, $2.50, put down to $1.75, prepaid to introduce. 500 agents wanted. Address J. M. NEFF, Covington, O.

The finest quality of Bells for Churches, Chimes, Schools, etc. Fully warranted. Write for Catalogue and Prices.
BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY, [illegible] Cincinnati, O

5 TRACTS about SCIENCE and RELIGION, showing the relation of the two and how the great religious beliefs of the world have been affected by the doctrine of Evolution. Blake, Potter, Powell, Savage and Simmons are the writers. All mailed for 10 cents.
UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE, 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

TWO sample copies BOOK REVIEW sent free on receipt of 1c. stamp.
LILY PUBLISHING HOUSE,
161 La Salle St., Chicago.

Mr. Blake is predominantly a moralist of a true and pure strain, but a poet as well, and his moralizing on life is neither trite nor dry; it is such as to strengthen a deep and sober confidence in the Eternal Righteousness.—*Literary World.*

The essays of Mr. Blake will surprise and delight all lovers of good English prose. He has made a contribution of lasting value to our literature, in a form so condensed and so original as to inevitably attract and hold the attention of thoughtful readers. . . . Sharpness of vision, too, makes this essayist a helper to the understanding and the sight of slower mortals. He often touches to the quick, and reveals the spring of some of the most puzzling questions by his sure but gentle insight.—*Chicago Tribune.*

BOOKS BY JAMES VILA BLAKE.

ESSAYS. Cloth, 216 pages. $1.
POEMS. Cloth, 188 pages. $1.
A GRATEFUL SPIRIT, and other sermons. Cloth, 303 pages. $1.
ST. SOLIFER, with Other Worthies and Unworthies. Cloth, 179 pp. $1.
The four volumes just named are uniform in binding, dark blue vellum cloth, red burnished top, paper label.
ST. SOLIFER, with Other Worthies and Unworthies. Paper (*Unity Library No. 4*), 179 pages, 50 cts.
LEGENDS FROM STORYLAND. Cloth, square 16 mo, 97 pages, 50 cts.
Manual Training in Education. Square 18 mo. 94 pages, cloth 50 cents, paper 25 cents.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Publishers,
175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

James Vila Blake's Essays have a certain antique flavor, a sixteenth century quaintness, a Baconian vigor of thought and compactness of expression, that at once lay hold upon the reader with promise of refreshment and inspiration. Triteness may be in the themes, but there is little or none in the handling. Quotations and illustrations, apt and abundant, diversify the pages, which are full of aphoristic utterances, sage precepts, and suggestive expositions.—*The Critic*, New York.

A new essayist and a new poet and strange to say, both in the same man; especially strange when we are compelled to add that when we read the essays, he seems a born essayist, and when we read the poems, he seems a born poet . . There is not an essay in the book that is not worth a cultured man's reading, both for thought and style.—*Evangelist*, New York.

That a book should give pleasure is no little thing. That it should do good is more and better. Mr. Blake's essays will give pleasure to all thoughtful persons reading them, and they can hardly fail of doing many great and lasting good.—*The Index*, Boston.

Mr. Blake's sermons are not more distinct from others by their style than by their quality. And what is most conspicuous in this is something brooding, meditative, of which, among ourselves since Channing's day, we have had very little. How can we have it, when we are so busy and so hurried and so anxious all the time? The habit of meditation is almost impossible for the working minister of our times. But Mr Blake has it to perfection. Somehow, he has made an island for himself amid the whelming sea. What we have in consequence is very strange and very beautiful. . . . One of the remarkable things in these sermons is the union of freedom and boldness with reverence. . . . Another remarkable thing is the union of much careful reading—in prose and poetry apart from beaten tracks—with much homely observation of outward things and of men's lives. . . . And still another remarkable thing is the breadth of Mr. Blake's studious activities. Literature and science, criticism comparative religion, poetry and music,—all have brought their glory and honor into his mind; and nothing has remained there crude and undigested, but of everything there has been a wonderful assimilation.—*Christian Register.*

The Faith That Makes Faithful.

EIGHT SERMONS.

BY WILLIAM C. GANNETT:
BLESSED BE DRUDGERY.
I HAD A FRIEND.
A CUP OF COLD WATER.
WRESTLING AND BLESSING.

BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES:
FAITHFULNESS.
TENDERNESS.
THE SEAMLESS ROBE.
THE DIVINE BENEDICTION.

Frances E. Willard says of it:—"The Faith that Makes Faithful is purely Unitarian. But it says in style as classic as was ever penned, and with an imagery the most unique and chaste, what Sam Jones says in the dialect of his section, 'Quit your meanness.' The book was such a help to me in my endeavor to quit my own, that I wrote a little notice of it in some paper, and a young Methodist minister seeing what I said, sent for the book, then sent me a reproving line because, he said, I had misled him; he did not wish to read the writings of a Unitarian, and wondered that a Methodist, like myself, would speak of them with praise. Whereupon I wrote back to him mildly inquiring if he had never received benefit from the sayings of Socrates, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus,—if he had not, in his classic course at college, spent considerable time over the writings of Unitarians who lived in Greece and Rome, and if a man who wrote so reverently of God, and so helpfully of our duties to our fellow men with whom we live, was to be cast out of the synagogue because he lived in the nineteenth century, rather than in the last before Christ or the first after him. At this, the young man had the grace to write again, telling me that he looked upon himself as impertinent, and though I had thought so when the first note came, I was well assured that he was not, when I had read the second."

Boston Commonwealth:—Will bring comfort to the hearts of many weary and discouraged pilgrims through this vale of tears.

Church Messenger (Episcopalian):—There is that in the pages so divinely human that one is baptized with an inspiration of sympathy in the name of toiling, suffering, longing and loving man.

Independent (Evangelical):—Pregnant, pointed and pithy addresses. . . . Calculated to bring religion into closer connection with life.

Zion's Herald (Methodist):—A benediction to the wearied. . . . A unique volume to present to the tried, the tempted and the sorrowing.

Christian Union:—Thoughtful and interesting. . . . Good and wholesome.

The Evangelist (Presbyterian):—Excellent thoughts, apt stories, a humane spirit.

Religious Telescope (United Brethren):—Touches the heart and makes one better. Its aim is to show a living faith and religion.

Christian at Work:—Full of tenderness and eloquence.

Chicago Tribune:—Has much power and spiritual force. . . . Stimulating and suggestive.

Square 18mo, 137 pages. Imitation Parchment, 50 cents; Cloth, full gilt, $1 00.

CHARLES H. KERR & Co., Publishers,

175 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.